FHE ATHENS REPORTER, SEPT. 29, 1915

DIAMOND





"Well, well, when the bowl is broke | disturbing, and her most disquieting one may not readily pick up the spilled meal. Woman's curiosity will ever prove her undoing, as it did long ago for the seven wives of the blue-bearded one. Past is past. But hark bearded one. Past is past. But hark ye how, puppet, an' heed my warning. Two nights ago I drew the magic circle; called Uriel, Gabriel, Raphael and Michael, to guard its quarters (for I'd writ thy name therein, an' wished thee well), that no evil influence should fall upon thee; but spite o' my charms, Uriel's blue flame paled, and the black shedow cout o'er tha How does a woman know a man loves her? The day of realistic novels has forever banished from romances the fallacy that she, palpitating with surprised modesty, knows it for the first time when told. Nay, should the good old fashion of wooing change, and man, never uttering the dulcet speech of courtship simple say "Marry me" and the black shadow crept o'er the border. Outside my hut a ban-dog howled, and Paddock, my chitty toad, crept closer 'neath my gown. Then, by the pentagon, an' by the magic words, 1 summoned Asmodeus, 'my familiar; and that sweet fiend and did converse heavily on the till cock-crow. Heed, heed, Rohese, heed— "Beware ye of a black, black robe, Beware ye of a curled pate. By all the power of dark Hecate, Return ye home ere 'tis too late.

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"Twice hath my black grimalkin mewed, Twice wilt thou be assailed.

Death and shame shall hover o'er, With tears thy cheek be paled. Heed ye-now the witch's word.

Heed thee now this warning-Ware of the robe and tonsured head, Beware this very morning." Half chanting the doggered the witch

of Ely passed from the room, and vanished; as quickly and silently as drop of dew in the sunsl ine Rchese

from his beautiful parted lips trem-bled on her check like a caress? What witchery lay there in that all conquerslance, which seemed drawing her soul through her eyes to mingle ing glance. with his? "Rohese, Rohese," he cried, "lovest "hou me". But the maid still had will enough to try to draw away from him;

averting he: flushed face, with a frightened "No. no, no!" But Jocelin did not loose his hold on her strug-gling hands, but turned them upward and kissed each pink palm, once, twice, with long, soft kisses warm as sunshine. They thrilled her through and through, like a draught of some rare elixir. "Thine eyes are filled with tears

Robese, yet thou say'st 'No, no.' What lieth within thine eyes behind those tears? Then darest not look me in the face! Say no acafe, sweet scarlet the face' Say no acali, sweet scarlet lips, for those glorious eyes declare thee darling traitors!" he murnured, rapturcusty, triumphantly. It's warm stirred the ringlets on her his hot lins lay upon its cool breath stirred hiteness like a flame.

"The line a flame, "The line, the first sweet witch!" e cried, hearsely, "Twere crime to reactive in virgin rese: yet by the clave Evangels, they tempt me sore-! Thy lins, they regent of my soull" is a serient holds a fluttering bird thin its potent rage as held the As a sequent holds a fluttering bird within its poten: gaze, he held the frichtened maid. His bright eyes woo-heg, weeing, seemed impelling her to yield. Just then a bell rang, clearly, softly, far within the palace; it seem-ed to break the spell. Rohese arose, pushing him from her with all her strength. strength

the object of her cogitation passed the doorway, glancing neither to right or left. He looked so wan and despairing that all her woman's heart went out to him, and she murmured his name almost unconsciously. Surely he could not have heard it! Rohese shrank hack into the chair schilding hercelf "Nav, nay," she cried, with a look Nay, may, she crien, with a took of terrer, "a monk, a riouk: bethink thee, Jocelin, what halt a monk to do with love" Jocelin paled, though he did not answer her, but stretched his arms to her pleadingly, tenderly, and advanced as if to fold her in their emback into the chair, chiding herself for giving way to impulse, but if the eyes of Love are blind, his ear is nevbrace. While she paused undecided, half inclined to fly, yet, glancing at him with velled eyes which shone like

this attempt of the prince to seize the dower and person of Rohese disquiet ed him much Though he had come into the high

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estate of Abbot inexperienced in gov erning, and little learned in the cus-tom of courts had been set to preside over one, he had within him which, antagonistic to disorder and disobed-ience, overruled both. His early mil-tiary training and studious anchoratic life had strengthened every mental fibre, and he was one who by obeying had learned to rule; who by self-re-straint had learned to govern others. While within his stern true heart he had a "Courage to quell the proudest; an honest pity to encourage the humblest." Within the Abbey, there had been debts and disorders to fight; without rebellious subjects and wily Advocates who must be ruled with an iron but velvet-gloved hand. The incoming of the one hundred and fifty monks from Normandy infusing new life into the Abbey had greatly helped in its upbuilding, and in less than two years every bond had been paid. Bailiffs, sockmen and townsfolk sockmen and townsfolk

raised their allotted portion of the Abbey's revenues; the repsilver came pouring in again in a small but steady stream; and we betide the false, re-miss or unjust subject, for the new Abbot, though generally slow to an-Aboot, though generally slow to an-ger, was terrible in rage, and many a discomfited vassal murmured, "He rages like a wolf"; until Samson, with grim humor, adopted the saying and adding the motto "Saevit ut lu-pus" to his arms, had it inscribed in letters of gold upon his standards letters of gold upon his standards. The Abbot had gained another con-cession from the sulky Prince; and

when Jocelin, began writing at his dictation, his first task was a letter to Ranulf de Glanville, Justiciary in Chief, enclosing a mandate signed by John's unwilling hands, banishing the Jews from St. Edmundsbury, and pro-Jews from St. Edmundsbury, and pro-noucing sentence of excommunica-tion on all who should harbor them. The next letter was to my Lord of Clare, denying an unjust claim of fees for bearing the banner of St. Edmund in war; which Bigot had set forth while attending on the Abbot. stars, the corridor outside resounded with a fir p and heavy tread, and the deep tones of Abbot Samson sounded "Write, son Jocelin, 'Earl Roger Bigot asserts himself duly seized, and by such seizing holds this office from tarough the parlor: "Let Jocelin await me in my bed time we fought the Flemmings hamber, Brother Walter; I'll to my ward within here, and then to rest. ('Ehue, 'tis a weary while since then); also Thomas de Midham saveth the right is his; so my Lord, when thou hast made out one with The hour grows late, and there is much to e bwritten, so apprise him straightway. Good-night, Our Lady's benison on thee." the other that the right is truly thine come then and claim the fce, which shall be paid thee from the time of Jocenn, and Rohese started guiltily upart. She pointed to a side door, and he slowly withdrew with ardent, back-ward glances, and Rohese, her hands preced upon her breast, went to the window - and steed looking into the' night with eyes which saw not, and because which says and the started King Edmund's charter.' " So on and on the Abbot dictated, and the secretary wrote, far into the night. L to Pope's Legates and King's wrote, far into the night. Letters Vis counts, ending with a lengthy epistle Archbishop of Canterbury to the boson which rose and fell tunultu-oasly. Yet when she turned to salite the Abbot, and be commented on her flushed checks, she answered comon certain weighty matters of Church and State. These duly sealed and laid in a sandal-wood cabinet, the Abbot closed his eyes and pressed his oosedly, "Thy parlor is o'erwarm, Fa hand to his brow, as if the print ther, and in sooth, my head aches drearily. But thou hast other matters, hand to his brow, as if the print of the miter was there, sighing wearily, as at his "Satis," Joe⁸lin arose to set away the writing materials. "Thou sighest, Dominie," said the as I heard thee tell Brother Walter Il set my monthings by till morning secretary. pice I came to speak. "Yea, is it a wonder? My son, thou Thou art thoughtful like thy mothand thy brethren share our plenty and prosperity; but little thinking of the giant task it was to bring things so; r, girl, and I'll accept thy gentle little accided, and hear thee on the morow;" and with a blessing and a kiss or the cares concerning the manage apon her forchead, Samson dismissed her, and Rohese, guiltily thinking that he must feel the other kiss which ment of our house and family, and all the other business which harrows my troubled mind. Those three sleek the Gate chamber, where Mistress Mary sat demurely by a taper, sewing leopards just gone are plotting usur pation, if I mistake not, and I tra-vail sore for the safety of my ward, a long white seam, as though sh , too had not just raced thither from corrider outside the parler, where whose fair person hath awakend in corridor outside the parlor, where she had, with palpitating delight, spied upthem the lust of the body, whilst her dower hath kindled that more dangeron the nonk's love-making. But Ro-hese, in her own confusion, noticed nothing, and anxious to be alone, bade ous lust, the lust of gold. If it were so I could be present at court, I could hold them somewhat in check, but God wot what they'll now be hatchbut the girl haste to bring her nightrail and make her ready for bed. For a wonder, Mary made no comment ing once my back is turned. Alas, my child, man never knows when he is blest, or realizes his happiness ere it is flown. Were I a monk again, with on this early retiring, though she smiled knowingly to herself. Rohese abed, the tirewoman with but five marcs in my pouch, I'd to the schools, or as keeper of the books, live at peace far happier than I and as Abbot and Lord.' "Who can believe such thing, Lord!" exclaimed Jocelin, but ing in their brazier. 110 Abbot smiled sadly, turning on his low, like one weary of the world, and as Jocelin extinguished the tapers are withdrew, he blessed him and gentij

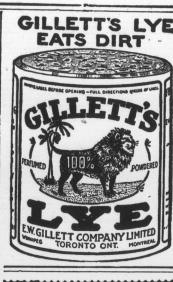
troth, I hope there is naught writ amiss in those letters; for I had but amiss in those letters; for I had but one word singing in mine ears the while I wrote—'Rohese, Rohese,' and the feel of a soft, warm hand resting in mine own; until I cracked my Lord's gold pen-staff by my tight holding. God's love! 'Twas Paradise! A man might easily risk all earth and heaven to rest his lips upon the dewy scarlet of her mouth! Christe Elei-son! 'Tis a bitter thing to be such as I; shackled to the stake of mine accursed vows, and burned by Love's accursed vows, and burned by Love's flames. Danger threatens my heart's anointed love, and I perforce, a coward, shaveling monk, must stand aside ignorant, unskilled and weak of arm, unable to life even one sword, one single sword in her defence. It is not right! Am I not a man, with all a man's hopes, desires and capabilities? God is unjust, that men should live maimed, incapacitated things! Ah, Mary, intercede for me! I blaspheme! Implous monk! Wouldst thou, like Job, curse God and die. Yet God made not monks—'twas some devil's work, Christ and the Evangels walked free into the world and Pater, when 'twas Christ and the byangers wanted nee-into the world, and Peter, when 'twas needed, drew a sword. I will not thus be buried like some mummied Phar-aoh in his tomb. On the morrow I'll to the block and are the walasse from to the Abbot and sue for release from this monkly servitude. Then I'll get me to my uncle in Normandy (my fa-ther used to call it when he sighed-"Sweet, sweet Normandy). There I'll prove myself a man, and with my sword and monkly lore, carve a fortune out of fate and then—and then I'll return for my Rohese!" Wandering through the maze of cor-

Wandering through the image of cor-ridors leading from the Abbot's room, Jocelin all unwittingly turned into the narrow hallway which led to the Gate chamber. Pondering on his fortunes, building castles in the air, all tenanted solely by Rohese and himself, Jocelin opened the door which Mary had forgotten to bar, and was astonished to find himself within the Gate cham-ber. His first impulse was to leave at once, but an irresistible charm how ered around the place where Rohese spent her waking hours. It held him to the spot. The tapestry, stirred by some furtive draught, rustled softly on the moonlit wall, until it seemed imbued with life, and the white-clad fi-gure of Helen of Troy 'broidered on the fabric seemed leaning toward the Paris at her feet, as if she would em-brace him. "I must be gone," the monk murmured, yet stayed. Ah, "Sometimes we are devils to ourselves, when we term the frality of our powers use tempt the frailty of our powers, pre-A subtle perfume hung about Ro-hese's carved oak chair. Jocel. knelt by its side, and buried his face in its cushions. "Rohese, Rohese," the very murmur of the dear name as it fell from his lips, filled him with an ex-quisite pleasure that was half pain. As he knelt there, he thought of her lying on her bed; all her glittering hair spread out—Ah, sweet, like a gol-den net to catch men's souls in, whilst thou slumberest. Dear tyrant, hav mercy; for thou hast my soul already fast. Uh, blossom of my heart!" the young monk cried brok-enly, tears of love and longing stealing down his cheek, as he arose to tear himself from such a sweetly dangerous place

dangerous place. (To be Continued.) **AN OPEN LETTER**

From a Well Known Methodist Clergyman of Interest to All Who Are Sick.

One of the best known ministers in the Hamilton conference is the Rev. Chas. E. Stafford, of Elora, Ont., who freely admits that he owes his pre-sent good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Stafford writes as follows: "Some years ago I was severely afflicted for a period of nearly four months. The leading physician in the town in which I was then stationed diagnosed my case as one of complete nervous prostration, brought on by overmy cas



Things You Ought To Know

Spain yearly spends \$41,000,000 on to acco

Chile has 250,000 acres devoted to vineyards.

California has a population exceeding 3,000,009.

New Zealand yearly 19votes about 49,000 acres to wheat growing. Honolulu is metering water supply.

New Zealand has a sugar shortage. ludia is developing many new elecrical plants. Republic of Panama exposition is to

opened Nov. 3.

Most of the tea raised in Eurmah is picked and catea as a condiment. A 20,000-acre rice field is planned for

the Sacramento valley in California next year.

Holland annually produces 20,000,000 pounds of flax fiber 50,000 bushels of seed. about and

There are more ducks in China than n ali the rest of the world.

The Young Woman's Christian Asociation has a world membership of 651,000.

St. l'eter's Cathedral in Rome tock so long to build that 43 Popes reigned during the course of its construction. The best seller in the German trenches is said to be Charles Dickens, translated, the second best Dumas, and then Turgenief and 'To'stoy.

Mons-1s 38 miles south-south-west of Brussels and is the capital of Hainault, with 29,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a hill above the Trouille and originated in a fortress built there by Julius Caesar. It was held by Prince Louis of Orange against the Spaniards for nearly four menths in 1572: captured by Louis XIV, in 1697, it was restored to Spain in 1697 and again occupied by the French in 170¹. After the battle of Maiplaquet in 170¹ in was captured by Prince Eugene. Mons is the centre of the chief cost Mons is the centre of the entry cor-mining district of Belgium, known as Le Borinage, the inhabitants being called "Borains." There is a school of

mines and a late Gothic cathedral. Shetland Islands-The most north erly British possession in Europe, lies to the northeast of the Orkneys and mumber over 100, with a combined area of 551 square miles. The surface of the islands is irregular, often rising into hills of considerable elevation, and their scenery is for the most part black and drawny. The const dart bleak and dreary. The cost is much indented and very precipitous, and it is said that no spot in Shetland is more than three miles from the sea, so that the report of the discovery in the islands of a German submarine base is not unlikely to be true. Only the islands of the group are inhabited, and in some cases only then by lighthouse attend-ants and shepherds. The total population amounted, in 1901. to 28.166 persons of whom 15,753 were women. Agriculture is primitive and the soil poor, but barley, oats, potntoes and turnips are grown. The chief manufacture of the Shetland Islands is facture of that of knitted goods, much fine work being turned out by the women, who also do the farm work; the men are occupied in fishing, which is the mainstay of the inhabitants.

sprang from her bed and rushed to Mary's door. The girl was soon roused and the two sat side by side on the little tirewoman's couch wrapped in its covers, and talking excitedly of the queer incident, their teeth chattering the autumn chill. Mary 11:23 first to recover herself, and exercising loving tyranny, sent Rohese back bed while she dressed, and af to bed while she dressed, and after bustling about kindling a fire in the

As Rohese breakfasted, a message came from the Abbot—"Stay thou fast within the Gate chamber, keeping it close locked." Rohese pouted, for she wished much to speak with the Abbot regarding the warning of Dame Ber-alce. But, mindful of ther late dis-cobclience, and its consequences, through the day she and Mary busied themselves over their 'broidery frames or the maid listened while the lady read aloud from the "Lives of the aints," bound in quaint wooden cover. hossed with silver. Toward evening they had the excitement of watching royal visitors depart, and, bilde behind the curtain, saw the Queen's borse-litter move off, followed by the Prince and his two friends on horse ick, who nodded but a surly farewell to the Abbot, hospitably standing in the doorway to see his guests depart. The Advocates and their friends withdrew; the gates were shut and locked, the troop of soldiers, hitherto dis-guised as servitors, departed to their quarters. Just before vespers Rohese on Mistress Mary with a message on Abbot Samson, desiring an audi-nce, and when she had returned with his permission. Rohese arrayed herself the interview, murmuring half to self, as Mary combed her amber terself, as tocks and bound them with with fillets of gold. "At least one part of the witch's warning cannot come true: and she berself said, past is past'. No need to'ware a black But the witch erred not; ad Rohese gone in the morning to Abbot's parlor she would not have had the meeting which proved the un-loing of both herself and Jocelin.

CHAPTER XVI.

Vespers over and the tapers lit, Rohese descended to the Abbot's parr where she sat waiting his return from the chapel. She was a little rale, for the past excitement told upher. Besides, the witch's "Ware known before. What warm rush and on black robe" kept sounding in her

er closed to the Beloved's voice; and Jocelin, already past the door, stopped, paused and turning, walked straight into the room and up to her. "I felt something draw me hither," he said simply

thoughts were of Jocelin. She was be-ginning to believe that the handsome monk felt more warmly toward her. than was compatible with his vows;

and while her girlish vanity was flat-tered, she was annoyed; for though she was interested in Jocelin (with

a far different feeling from the tender regard in which she held the memory of Henry of Leicester), she was repell-

ed at the thought that a monk loved

of courtship, simply say, "Marry me," the eternal feminine would continue blushing consciously when the mate-

to-be came near ,and would go to the altar without one love-word, needing no passionate phrases to tell what she

As Rohese sat leaning her head against the purple of the Abbot's chair,

had long since found out by instinct.

How does a woman know a man

'Nay, sir monk, thy fasting hath sent vapors into thy head," Rohese said, lightly, trying to gain time, and entrenching herself behind coquetry, as foolish little fish hide among the reeds of a pond; their gold and silver but showing the brighter against the dark background. Jocelin was in no

mood for trifling, "Lady Rohese," he demanded, "hast thought of me since coming hither?" "There are many monks here, broth-er, and as one black gown is like anther, is it not likely that sight of them would bring thee to mind? petulantly), "in my dreams I have en whole processions of thee, by Our Lady! clambering up a rock with wan faces and eyes that burn into my very soul."

'And so thou dost think of me? Ah, methinks thy dreaming is but an echo of the sweet fantasies which beset my sleep. Listen, Rohese, I, too, in di have trod with blood-stained feet a pathway thick strewn with briars and stones; but far, far up on the heights a tress of gold hair gleamed, and angel face smiled down on me. 'Twas thou, Rohese, 'twas thou who stood there, with alal aster hands outstretchto welcome me. Thy voice's sweetest music breathed my all unworthy name, straight I gained to where thou statistical statistic game to where thou stood'st, and weary, bleeding laid me at thy feet. Then thou didst bend compassionately over me; and thy gleating treases shut us, from the world. Ah, blood of saints, beloved! world An, blood of saints, beloved! Then sounded a strain of music faint-ity, clear as trills the thrush in the dawy hush of the morning. It died away, slowly, slowly, whilst all the oblighting and here here here while thy golden hair wrapped us round: and I awake with echologs incering in my heart. Ah, what an cestasy it brought! An eestasy that was such exquisite pain that I knelt on my pallaisse in the dark and cold to pray that melody would never again ravish me. Is't not true love which

brings such dreams

and strange, which

drew and quiet and darkness reigned, save for the faint glow cast athwart the gate chamber by the coals glow-

CHAPTER XVII.

celin breathed fast as one who had Entering the Abbot's chamber, Jocrun far, and Rohese trembled at the elin found that he had exchanged his passion throbbing in his words Something stirred within her, new richly jeweled dress for a white serge robe such as novices wear, and rericenty jet as novices wear, and re-clined on his couch, with eyes filled with unutterable weariness, fixed upon space, as if trying to fix the fu-Beset by many other cares, good nights for me again? By my she bad never tingle of delight was this which swept the black robe kept sounding in net ongie of datase due this which swept upon space, as it dying to the the tares,

don Globe.

work and which superinduced intercostal neuralgia and muscular rheuma tism, from which I suffered the most excruciating pain night and day for weeks. So weak and helpless did I become that my attendants had handle me like an infant, raising me up and laying me down with the greatest care, so intense were my sufferings. Acting on the advice of my doctor, and taking his medicine, I did not seem to improve. One afternoon, while suffering great pain, the editor of the paper published in the town, and who was a member of the church of which I was then pastor, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was sceptical as to the medicinal qualities of all proprietary medicines on the strong recommendation of the editor, who had great faith in the medicine, I decided to try them. To my great surprise and supreme de-light, I soon found that the Pills were nghi, i soon lound that the Pills were giving me relief, and after I had taken seven boxes I was fully restored to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, un-der God, having made me a new man. Ever since I have been better and stronger physically than I had been for a number of years. Three years ago, after an

active ministry of forty-six years I asked the ministry of forty-six years. I asked the Hamilton conference of the Methodist Church to grant me suberaunuation relation, which it did, but for more than two years I have been supplying a charge which necessitates a drive of twenty miles every Sabbath. To-day I am strong and hearty, without or pain, and for my present physical condition I am indebted to Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills, and can most heartily recommend them to the afflicted.

Coal as a Charm.

In bygone England coal played a prominent part in popular supersi tion, but it was a very special kind c. coal. It was found (or at any rate firmly believed to be found) under the

root of the plantain on one day the year-midsummer eve. And to its finder it brought not only immunity from "plague, carbuncle and burning," Lot also in the case of a maiden breams of her future husband. A ver seams of her future husband. A ver-satile charm and, with plantains so prolific, not rare. These "coal" were probably really old, discolore? roots, but none of the faithful believers

would have admitted that.-Lon-

A Startling Hat.

A lady's hat which would no doubt A lady's hat which would no double create as great a sensation to-day as it did at the time of its first ap-pearance in 1352 was that worn by Blanche de Bourbon, queen of Castlle, wife of Peter the Cruel. It cost £35 and was made in Data and was made in Paris. The hat itself was composed of ce chypre and relieved with great pearls, garnets and enamel work. Children, carved in the whitest of ivory, were depicted pick-ing acorns of pearls from the oak and scattering them to the swine below. Birds were singing in the trees and at the foot were bees stealing honey from the flowering springing up from the verdure,-London Mail.

Kipling's Nightingale.

Rudyard Kipling was once telling a guest about a nightingale that fre-quented its gardens. He said: "i know all the popular illusions about the nightingale, but the truth is, he's a lackguard with a gift of music in his throat that he can't control-a noisy, swashbuckling blackguard of the gar-He comes here at night, and he proceeds to abuse all his enemies for all he's worth. It's feathered profanity in a disguise of harmony, and he gets so worked up over it that he finally cuds in an inarticulate gurgle."

TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

The premium lists of the Toronto Fat Stock Show, to be held at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, in December are just out, and carry many new classes, among which are special prizes by the T. Eaton Co., Armour & Co., Wm. Davies Co., Walker House and Quen's Hotel. The secretary, Mr. C. F. Topping, of the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, would be glad to give premium list or any information on application.